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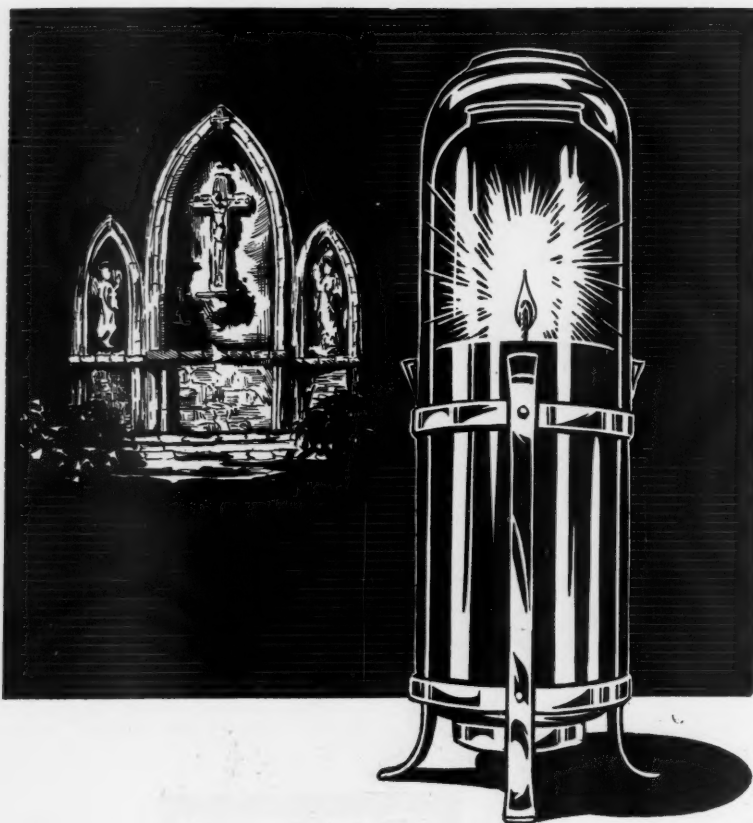
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Correspondence

Greene's "Potting Shed"

EDITOR: Having just finished a reading of Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed*, I find John J. McLaughlin, S.J.'s exegesis (AM. 5/4) alternately annoying and provocative. Mr. McLaughlin says: "I regard any condemnation of *The Potting Shed* on the basis of its dogmatic content as a singular disservice to Mr. Greene and his potential audience."

Disregarding this premise, he goes on to make of the play a fascinating, subtle exercise in theology. He must, of course, look outside the play for confirmation of what happens to Fr. Callifer.

I am wondering if it is not possible to work out the meaning of the play within the framework of the play itself. For example, perhaps when the seemingly faith-drained Fr. Callifer says that he abides by the rules of his priesthood for his own self-respect and out of a sense of duty to the congregation he serves as pastor, he means exactly that. And, perhaps Greene, as in the *Heart of the Matter* and in *The End of the Affair*, is leaving us to infer something of the depth of the mystery of God's workings among men, and hinting that faith, despite its seeming absurdity, has a way of rising from the ashes of rationalism.

JAMES ZIGERELL

Park Ridge, Ill.

EDITOR: Though I have not seen Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed*, and am judging it only from the points brought out in Mr. McLaughlin's criticism, I do not think that the play has much to tell us either of the priesthood, of theology or of the supernatural.

Why do we have plays and movies and stories about priests and nuns who get into extraordinary situations and places: who lose the faith, or leap over walls, or get stranded alone on South Sea islands, or get involved in embarrassing miracles?

If talent in the fine arts would have priests or nuns for its theme, why doesn't it tell us about the priests and nuns of our ordinary experience? . . .

HUGH J. TALLON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR: I would like to congratulate you and Mr. McLaughlin on the publication of his essay on Graham Greene's play *The Potting Shed*. It is a sensitive and skilful piece of literary criticism. However, I feel I must question the validity of the interpret-

tative reading Mr. McLaughlin has given the play. It seems to me perhaps to obscure not only Mr. Greene's intentions, but a serious artistic flaw in the drama. . . .

For want of a better phrase, I would call [this flaw] an over-extension of the insight of the writer into areas where it cannot possibly hope to operate successfully. Specifically, Mr. Greene, I feel, too often offers us the ingenious plot of a highly talented writer and labels it "Divine Providence." This is artistically unsound. A writer's insight extends to human minds and wills, but I am afraid it must stop short at the Divine. To say this, I hope, is not prudery, but simply a recognition of the nature of things. . . .

RUSSELL SHAW

Washington, D. C.

Motives in Spiritual Life

EDITOR: Congratulations to Fr. LaFarge for calling attention (AM. 5/4) to the interest-

ing and timely article of Fr. Gerald Vann, O.P., in the November, 1956 issue of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*. Fr. Vann's friendly debate with Fr. John C. Ford, S.J., which tends to distract attention from the main burden of his message, seems to grow out of the use of different definitions of the term "unconscious."

Fr. Ford clearly indicates that he was thinking only of the meaning assigned to it by Freud, whereas Fr. Vann apparently accepts a broader definition proposed by a number of contemporary psychologists. . . .

Fr. LaFarge's welcome emphasis upon positive acts of virtue does not lessen the relevancy of the familiar slogan of spiritual writers, "Know thyself."

FRANCIS T. SEVERIN, S.J.

St. Louis, Mo.

Correction

EDITOR: The correct title of the book by Michael Cox on the Marian apparitions at Lourdes, La Salette and Fatima is *Rain for these Roots* (Bruce \$3.75). I regret the error in the AMERICA spring roundup of religious books (8/18, p. 235).

VINCENT DE P. HAYES, S.J.
New York, N. Y.

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Current Comment

Collegians Scorn Moscow

Since there is no legal obstacle in the way, some U. S. collegians will no doubt show up at the opening on July 28 of the World Youth Festival in Moscow. But they will speak only for themselves. Communist efforts to attract official student representation collapsed a fortnight ago when the U. S. National Student Association scornfully rejected an invitation to participate. With a grasp of contemporary realities that some of their elders might envy, officials of the association wrote bluntly to the International Union of Students:

Those who consider dancing in the streets of Moscow in July must consider the streets of Budapest last November and the brutal suppression of Hungarian students at that time.

The NSA also warned its more than 800,000 members on 330-odd campuses that anyone who joined the Moscow jamboree would be helping the Kremlin "to win friends and influence people." The Youth Adult Council, with which the National Council of Catholic Youth is affiliated, has taken the same admirable stand.

USSR Eyes "Better World"

The Movement for a Better World (Am. 12/10/55, p. 292), thriving in Italy under the direction of Jesuit Father Riccardo Lombardi, has lately attracted the attention of Soviet observers. The April 2 issue of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, organ of the Union of Writers of the USSR, contained a note, "New Crusaders," which describes a "strange" new educational institution outside Rome. Its students are not boys and girls, as might be expected, but

... full-grown scholars—bishops, priests, prominent Roman jurists and political figures, representatives of the Catholic aristocracy and Catholic trade unions.

The Soviet commentator goes on to caricature Father Lombardi's dream of a vast spiritual awakening as a mere po-

litical "uprising" against the Communists. He writes: "It is not possible to suspect that the crusaders of Father Lombardi have peaceful intentions."

Those better informed and better disposed know, of course, that no crusade was ever more genuinely peaceful in intent than the "Better World" movement of this zealous priest.

Have his labors prospered? *Literaturnaya Gazeta* itself says that in three years Father Lombardi has given what it calls "private lessons in anti-Communist science" to 3,015 priests, 260 bishops and 2,000 laymen. The best possible augury for the continuing effectiveness and growing success of Father Lombardi's work is the fact that it is being watched so closely by the Reds.

Meany on Racial Injustice

All doubts as to the determination of the leaders of organized labor to combat racial injustice within their own ranks were swept aside by George Meany.

On May 16, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., honored the president of the AFL-CIO "as an American who has contributed in great measure to the betterment of race relations in this country."

Mr. Meany pulled no punches in describing the type of "lowest-grade professional politician" who is behind the loud and belligerent White Citizen's Council movement. He characterized him as one who "trades on ignorance," who is "owned by the local utility or mill owner or bank and oil interests," and "makes emotional appeals to Southern pride."

Research, said President Meany, has revealed "an interesting and significant fact—they are the same people who have fought the trade-union movement most victoriously over the years." And the trade-union movement is "not going to run away" from the challenge these forces present.

Provisions for brotherhood and equal rights in the AFL-CIO Constitution, said Mr. Meany, "are not a dead letter—

they are an everyday working policy," though some of the 68,000 local unions still violate them. So that compliance may be universal, recalcitrant unions will be informed of "measures" decided upon at an executive council meeting on May 23 in Washington.

One may still speculate as to the precise effect these measures will have. But they will leave no room for further equivocation on an issue so capital for the nation, for union labor and for the welfare of the South itself.

Big Postal Deficit

Some people in Government—President Eisenhower being the most prominent—think that citizens who use the U. S. postal service ought to be willing to pay for it. They're not paying for it now—to the tune of about \$651 million a year, which is what the Post Office costs the Treasury annually. Last year the House boosted postal rates to something close to a cost basis, but the Senate would have none of it.

Now the battle is on again. On May 23 the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee reported out an Administration bill that would cut the postal deficit to \$189 million. The bill raises the letter rate from 3 to 4 cents an ounce, and the rate on postcards from 2 to 3 cents. It hikes airmail letters from 6 to 7 cents and airmail postcards from 4 to 5 cents. It increases second-class rates (newspapers and magazines) by about \$7.3 million the next fiscal year, and provides for similar increases every year for three years after that. (There would be no advance in the minimum charge and in pound rates for nonprofit scientific, fraternal, educational and religious publications.) Finally, the bill ups rates both on books and on third-class mail.

Even those who feel strongly that postal services ought to be subsidized for social and cultural reasons would probably agree that there is nothing especially sacred about the size of the present subsidy. With inflation a persisting threat and with the 1958 budget only precariously in balance, any reduction in the postal deficit will contribute to the general economic well-being. If the House bill goes too far toward making the Post Office self-supporting, it offers at any rate a basis for negotiation.

Public Opinion on Censorship

The battle over who should censor what, or whether censorship in general is a democratic process, too often gets fouled up with the ideas of "specialists." Writers, publishers and amateurs in the field of civil liberties tee off against religious and patriotic groups, and one often wonders whether the "average" American citizen is not often lost in the smoke of conflict.

Out of the smoke comes the clear voice of one segment of the American public. If it is not sure that as Minnesota goes, so goes the nation, at least the State-wide poll recently conducted by the Minneapolis *Sunday Tribune* gives an indication of how some ordinary people feel about movie censorship. The key question in the poll read as follows:

A community in Minnesota [West St. Paul] has adopted a movie censorship law, under which any movie needs official permission before it can be shown. . . . Do you approve or disapprove of such a law?

The over-all answer was 71 per cent in favor of censorship. Some of the reasons given were that movies were "vulgar and sexy," played up "kid gangster stuff" and brutality, contained "immoral dialog and costuming." It's interesting to note that these are the very reasons why the Legion of Decency puts thumbs down on many a movie.

Perhaps the debate over censorship would be a lot more fruitful if we could hear from the general American public.

The Taiwan Riots

Americans were shocked and dismayed by news of the May 25 mob attack on the U. S. Embassy in Taipei. Taiwan, stronghold of the Chinese Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek, has been the show window of U. S. Asian policy. That such violent anti-Americanism should burst to the surface in Taipei, of all places, was unthinkable. The nation was deeply shocked by this news.

The incident, touched off by the Army's acquittal of a GI accused of shooting a Chinese Peeping Tom, has parallels in Japan and in South Korea. In all three of these presumably friendly countries public opinion is contest-

ing the right of our military to try servicemen accused of crimes against the local citizenry. The deep-seated cause of these disturbances was pointed up by Philippine Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo in a New York address on May 26:

The crimes of which these soldiers were accused did not arouse the indignation of the populace. . . . What was resented deeply was that the native civil courts were made to yield to the American military.

The issue, of course, is never quite so uncomplicated. The military appeared to be within its rights in the Japanese case. But any incident which recalls the "extraterritoriality" so long resented by Asians can rouse emotions to fever pitch.

With American forces stationed around the world, occasional friction with the friendliest of host countries is inevitable. Usually tension is kept at a minimum by the so-called "status-of-forces" agreement. Such an agreement should be concluded with Taiwan as soon as possible. We surely do not want another such incident to strain our relations with friendly Taiwan.

USIA Staggers On

Like the bird which innocently strayed into the badminton court, the U. S. Information Agency came along just in time to be the first target of Congress' drive against the President's budget. This year USIA is spending \$113 million, and the Administration asked \$140 million for next year. The House cut this down to \$106 million, while the Senate in a ferocious mood whittled it down to \$90 million. In the end, a joint House-Senate conference agreed on May 27 to a compromise \$96.2 million.

The work of the USIA was really not discussed on its merits during the budget hearings. As a result, the American people are still waiting to find out whether our foreign information program is worth its salt. Admittedly, the agency works under extremely disadvantageous conditions. Its difficulties should not be ascribed to the inefficiency of its successive directors, but to general lack of experience in this field of foreign policy. Most of USIA's difficulties are due to divided counsels as to what it should do and how to do it.

Some day we shall have a smoothly functioning information service. We need one. No country, however powerful, can be indifferent to what people think about it abroad. The United States has already suffered much from the distorted motives imputed to us by our enemies, as well as from misunderstandings and misconceptions on the part of our friends. The USIA needs an adequate budget. It also needs an incisive and clear-sighted policy.

Pope and Poland

The Polish News Service *Inter-Catholic* has published a dispatch from Rome which does honor to Polish Catholics. In effect, it warns its compatriots against involving the Pope in the political status of the Western Territories. This is the region of pre-war Germany, east of the Oder-Neisse River, which was in 1945 handed over to Poland to be administered until the definitive peace treaty with Germany. Such a treaty is still pending.

A recent Warsaw broadcast made the charge that the Pope has a "negative" attitude toward Poland because the Vatican has not yet definitively readjusted diocesan boundaries in the recovered territories. The Communists raise this point, not because they care about the state of religion there, but because such readjustment would amount to political recognition of Polish sovereignty. As such, it would anticipate international agreement among the interested powers.

IC pointed out on May 22 that it is not the role of the Apostolic See to determine political frontiers. It organizes or reorganizes ecclesiastical administration within recognized boundaries. "As far as international political decisions are concerned," said IC, "the gentlemen from the Polish radio know very well that one cannot seek them in the Vatican."

The Roman dispatch is significant in that every patriotic Pole—and not alone Radio Warsaw—firmly regards the Western Territories as irrevocably Polish. In their patriotic ardor they are sometimes carried away to the point of wanting the Pope to take sides in an international political dispute. This tendency is all the greater on the occasion of Cardinal Wyszyński's present visit

to Rome. *Inter-Catholic's* courageous warning underscores traditional Polish loyalty to the Holy See.

FBI Head on Delinquency

In a very quotable interview, J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, said on May 25 that it's time to "stop fooling" about the problem of juvenile delinquency. The "fooling,"

he went on to say, lies in the failure to realize that behind every juvenile wrongdoer lies a pattern of adult neglect or community indifference.

The juvenile delinquency rate is merely an index of the moral atmosphere and civic responsibility of a community. Mr. Hoover asked:

Do adults idly stand by while temptations are placed in the path of

youngsters by persons who deal in printed filth, provide intoxicants to minors, encourage children to spend their lunch money on punchboards and slot machines or otherwise attempt to undermine their morals?

These are "home" truths. We owe Mr. Hoover a sincere thank-you for reminding us of their relevance for parents, for all of us.

Fighters and Non-Fighters

Of all the knowledge gained concerning American fighting men in World War II, perhaps the most disturbing was that large numbers of them had failed to use their weapons effectively, if at all, when given the necessary training and the opportunity to do so.

Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, in civilian life military analyst for the *Detroit News*, found in the course of numerous first-hand battle studies that not only had too many Americans failed to use their weapons, but that the brunt of the most dangerous fighting was being borne by an extremely small proportion of the combat troops involved.

Alarmed by these findings, the Army set out to learn, during the Korean War, just what determined the difference between the "fighter" and the "non-fighter."

The report of the George Washington University Human Resources Research Office team assigned to the task has been made public within the past few weeks. It sheds considerable light on the causes of the problem and poses some serious questions for every American concerned with the training and education of youth.

Figuring in the study were over 600 combat infantrymen positively identified by their officers and fellow soldiers as having proven themselves "fighters" or "non-fighters" during the Chinese offensive of July, 1953.

By hiding the true purpose of the study from the group, the research team was able to secure their full cooperation in a thorough series of personal interviews and in the administration of intelligence, aptitude and personality tests.

The results of the tests indicate that the "typical" fighter is more intelligent, is better educated, possesses a higher degree of social responsibility, leadership ability and emotional stability and evidences a more masculine "toughness" than the non-fighter.

This is neither more nor less than what the

great captains have sensed, and recorded, throughout history—that if an individual looks and acts like a man, if he has the intelligence and the stability to understand and carry out an order and if he is devoted to home and country, then he will make a good soldier.

Unhappily, we as a nation have been moving in the opposite direction since the beginning of World War II. Many of the intelligent, well-adjusted, stable and well-educated young men who were needed in combat sections more desperately than anywhere else have been allowed, and sometimes encouraged, to seek safer and, from a pragmatic standpoint, more promising paths.

Their place in the battle line was taken by men who in many cases could neither grasp the issues involved nor carry out their assignments.

We have, in addition, gone further and further toward a pattern of society dominated by the fiancée who dictates the place of residence, by the wife who controls the purse strings and by the mother who regards the social graces as the determinant of a man's success or failure.

The result? A price has been paid by the combat soldiers who have had to put up with the sluggards and the skulkers.

An even greater price has had to be paid by men who in their hour of trial could not summon the will to aim and fire, or who, overwhelmed by war's demands for decision and responsibility, slipped into the mists of insanity.

The job of the combat soldier on the atomic battlefield will be more arduous, more terrifying and more important than ever before. It demands a revision of our manpower policies to make certain the tank crew and the rifle squad obtain the finest men the nation can produce, even at the expense of the factory, the hospital and the supply depot.

The report of the Army Human Resources team emphasizes once again that the manner in which the soldier meets his ordeal is determined, not in training or on the battlefield, but in the cradle, the school yard, the sanctuary and the home.

WILLIAM V. KENNEDY

MR. KENNEDY writes occasionally for AMERICA on military questions.

Washington Front

The Ballet of the Budget

A battle is for keeps; a ballet is only pretending. In a ballet there are pirouettes, *pas seuls*, goings hither and yon from wing to wing, and an occasional lyric solo. It is symbolic, make-believe.

When the books are finally balanced a year from now, on June 30, 1958, it will no doubt be found that those billions Congress has "cut" from this budget have mostly been replaced, or have remained unspent on the actual cash budget. There is a vast distinction between the appropriations budget, now being considered, and the spending budget itself. For instance, Congress boasted of having "cut" \$500 million from the President's budget, yet since January 3 to date it has added almost a billion; and of the funds actually voted nobody really knows how much remains appropriated but unspent.

Congress has performed this pirouette by one "special," three supplemental and three deficiency appropriations. Conditions change, Congress has added new programs, the dollar has fallen, prices and wages have risen. No Administration department or agency is allowed by law to spend more than was appropriated; but the deficiencies and the supplementals are voted on one pretext or another. What the "special" was remains a mystery, so the guess is that it was atomic.

Underscorings

MARYVILLE COLLEGE, St. Louis, had two national first-prize winners among its students at the end of May. Mary Margaret Holmes won the \$1,000 "Alert Citizenship" essay contest co-sponsored by the Institute of Social Order at St. Louis University and the Fund for the Republic. Her essay (printed in the June issue of *Social Order*) was on censorship and civil rights. Ilse Puetz won the top prize offered by the Catholic Association for International Peace for the best essay on social justice in the international community.

► U. S. STUDENTS interested in the Salzburg University Weeks Aug. 4-18 on "The Modern Scientific View of Man and the Universe" may get details from

the Institute of European Studies, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

► THE FIRST NEGRO PRIEST for the Diocese of Alexandria, La., Rev. August Louis Thompson, will be ordained June 8 in St. Louis by Auxiliary Bishop L. Abel Caillouet of New Orleans.

► TWO JEWISH CONVERTS were ordained to the priesthood by Most Rev. James A. McNulty at St. John's Cathedral, Paterson, N. J., on May 25. They were Rev. Ambrose Peter Schaffer, O.S.B., and Rev. Elias Paul Mayer, O.S.B.

► THE BROOKLYN Catholic Interracial Council on May 19 conferred the

When Arthur Larson's USIA budget was heavily cut by the House and then the Senate, he was consoled by Sen. Everett M. Dirksen, Republican Whip, who told him not to mind, he could always be back next January for more. No doubt he will.

The House Appropriations Committee recommended a cut of \$2.5 billion in the Defense budget. The President promptly charged, in one of his *pas seuls*, that of this sum \$1.3 billion was merely changed from one pocket to another, a bookkeeping procedure, but that the loss of the remaining \$1.2 billion would hurt. Even this cut, if it stands, will not show up on the spending budget until 1959 or later.

Mutual security (falsely called foreign aid) has about \$6 billion of unspent funds to its account, though much of it is committed or in the pipeline. But the President wants to keep a reserve, and after he forcefully delivered Emmett John Hughes' lyric solo on May 21, he got a good response; due in large part, as I know, to some heavy pressure work on the telephone by the White House staff.

To add to the unreality of this whole performance, when the Commerce Department's budget, with a 27-per-cent cut, was passed by the Senate by a "voice vote," there were exactly 8 (eight) Senators on the floor. Congress likes its long week-ends, from Thursday through Monday, much to the disedification of week-ending tourists.

So there does not seem much reason to worry: whether for the security-minded, who fear that Congress will cut too much; or for the economy-minded, who fear that too much will be spent. You have to distinguish between a ballet and a battle.

WILFRID PARSONS

Archbishop Thomas E. Molloy Award for Interracial Justice upon Michael J. Corrigan, past Grand Knight of the St. Columba Council, K. of C. In 1950, Mr. Corrigan, during his first year as Grand Knight, admitted the first colored member to the council. The subsequent rejuvenation and prosperity of the council—it has since then admitted some 40 Negro and over 100 white new members—was recounted in our issue of June 19, 1954 (p. 309).

► IN SALINA, KANSAS, on May 22 died Most Rev. Frank A. Thill, 64, bishop of that diocese. Born in 1893, he was ordained in 1920, and in 1938 was consecrated Bishop of Concordia, Kansas, a diocese erected in 1887. In 1944 the see was transferred to Salina. As a seminarian, in 1918, Bishop Thill organized the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, which now numbers about a million members in some 3,000 U. S. schools and colleges.

C. K.

Editorials

The "Brainwashing" Canard

A May 20 Associated Press story out of Omaha, scene of a General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., made such headlines as these in the following day's newspapers: PRESBYTERIAN HITS PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS: BRAINWASHING CHARGED. The president of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, the Rev. Ganse Little, was credited with the offensive remarks that touched off this flurry of publicity about another instance of heightened Protestant tension with respect to U. S. Catholics.

How should Catholics react to incidents of this kind? In the opinion of this Review, the only reasonable course of action is that which refuses to dignify such bigoted statements with a reply. The very obvious prejudice of the discourse of the Rev. Mr. Little is—wherever informed or fair-minded persons are concerned—its own best refutation. Catholic schools and colleges are too numerous, their graduates too well known, their standards and methods too open to public scrutiny for us to require any other reply to the charges made in Omaha. (On May 21 Rev. Mr. Little told an NC newsman he had never been inside a Catholic parochial school.)

In our present angry and tension-filled times, we may confidently expect that other Rev. Mr. Littles will, on numerous future occasions, repeat charges similar to those made May 20. Given the number of Protestant groups that annually hold assemblies of one kind or another, it would be surprising if statements like those made in Omaha were not reiterated a half-dozen times during the next twelve months.

Each time such a speech is given, are Catholics to reply? Certainly not. It would not only be undignified;

it would be futile to do so. Thoughtful, intelligent Protestant leaders and laymen do not require or expect such rejoinders. As for the rest, we suspect that a reply in kind is just what the bigots are fishing for.

It is no sign of weakness to disregard an unjustified attack of the kind leveled against our schools by the Rev. Mr. Little. It is high time we Catholics of the United States came to realize this. There was an era when such a canard would have had to be rebutted immediately. We were a weak and struggling minority group, poor immigrants who had as yet established no public record. Today the situation has entirely changed. We recognize, and the nation recognizes, that Catholics *belong* here. We have made and continue to make a massive civic contribution to this land of ours. Not the least part of that contribution is embodied in the immense educational enterprise built by the sacrifice and labor of U. S. Catholics. We stand on our record and on that of our schools.

Moreover, we find in the Omaha unpleasantness an added reason to affirm the need for many more person-to-person discussions between American Catholics and their Protestant friends on the issues involved in this tangled question of the schools. It is a tedious business—this having to explain and explain, and then explain all over again to our Protestant neighbors and associates the whys and wherefores of Catholic education. But it badly needs to be done. Wherever there is good will, there will be deepened understanding as a result of these conversations. So, let us get on with this positive and constructive dialog. One such neighbor-to-neighbor discussion is worth a hundred angry little answers to the Rev. Mr. Little.

Another Crisis in Farm Policy

Remember back in 1954 when the issue of fixed vs. flexible farm price supports turned Washington upside down? Earnest men thundered that disaster surely lay ahead unless basic crops were supported rigidly at 90 per cent of parity. Equally earnest men, with Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson in the forefront, thundered in reply that only flexible supports, declining as surpluses accumulated and rising as they declined, could save us from drowning in an ocean of agricultural abundance.

In the fury of the combat quiet voices warning that this was largely a sham battle went mostly unheard. They insisted that if the country really wanted to get

rid of farm surpluses, the answer had to be sought not primarily in the amount of price supports, but rather in strict production and marketing controls. They warned that without such controls flexible price supports would be scarcely less encouraging to surplus production than high, rigid supports had been.

Now after two years of flexible supports the quiet voices are entitled to say: "We told you so." Even Secretary Benson is ready to concede that the experiment has failed. In a letter to Sen. Allen J. Ellender, chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, which he followed up with a press conference on May 2, the Secretary admitted, sadly but clearly, that the present

farm program had broken down. Pointing out that from 1932 through 1956 farm price supports had cost the taxpayers \$11.7 billion, Mr. Benson said: "These costs undoubtedly would be borne willingly if the programs solved the problems, but the problems have not been solved." All the money that has been spent supporting prices, he explained, has made "little or no contribution to the problem of low-income farmers, in whose name farm programs are frequently defended."

So the plain-speaking Mr. Benson suggested to Senator Ellender that Congress junk the present price-support and production-control programs and start all over again.

Congress will not, of course, do anything so drastic (though two weeks ago the House seemed in a mood—much to the perturbation of Mr. Benson—to give the soil-bank program one more year and then jettison it). What Congress will likely do is to continue flexible price supports for another year, but this time with a ceiling on the size of payments that can be made to big commercial farm operators. It may also give further encouragement to the surplus-disposal program by extending its benefits, under certain conditions, to Soviet satellites.

As we have suggested a number of times in the recent

past, the American farm problem seems almost to defy a rational solution. Despite all the arguments to the contrary, we remain skeptical of any solution based on artificial scarcity. Most of the world being in the hungry state it is, we would seem to have a moral obligation to produce as much as we prudently can and to use our abundance to help our less fortunate brothers in other quarters of the globe.

POSITIVE SOLUTION

That is what we like about the National Planning Association's latest statement (issued May 20) on farm policy. Frankly assuming the goodness of abundance, it calls upon Congress to employ our surplus grains, fats and dairy products as a real asset in our foreign policy. If the Russians had our surpluses, the NPA says pointedly, they would surely use them as a major weapon in the cold war. We have, of course, under the surplus-disposal program launched in 1953, been making some limited use of our abundance abroad. The NPA argues, with a cheer from this corner, that we ought to do more of this, and do it more imaginatively and dynamically. To paraphrase President Eisenhower, this would cost money but it would be cheaper than war.

Idea for Mike Wallace

For some months thousands of New Yorkers have been sitting up far past their usual bedtimes to watch an intriguing local TV program presided over by Mike Wallace on station WABD. The format of this show is simple but effective. Mr. Wallace invites interesting people as his guests, then asks them probing questions about their lives, beliefs and institutional connections. In these intimate interviews during the quiet hour before midnight Mike Wallace has built his reputation on his daring to invade the hinterland of the patently controversial. The program became so popular in New York City that the ABC network recently grabbed it up for a national telecast each Sunday night.

On several recent occasions Mr. Wallace has seen fit to discuss opinion voiced by the editors of this Review. In fact, among his interviewees in late April was our distinguished colleague, Father John LaFarge. Therefore, since Mike Wallace and AMERICA are not strangers, we feel free to pass along for Mike's consideration an idea which occurred to us as we reread the recent article of Msgr. Thomas J. Fitzgerald, executive secretary of the National Office for Decent Literature ("NODL States Its Case," AM. 6/1, pp. 280-282).

We know the Monsignor is not in need of extra work. We know further that he is not seeking publicity for its own sake, much less for himself. However—and we make this suggestion without consulting the NODL official—we would like to see Msgr. Fitzgerald given a chance to state his case and discuss the problem of indecent literature on a nation-wide TV hookup. Recently under public attack by the American Civil Liberties

Union, NODL stands to profit, we feel, from an opportunity to take its story to the people of the United States. It's hard to think of a better way to do it than via Mike Wallace's Sunday show.

Mike is deeply interested in the entire question of censorship—the limitation of expression, restraints on freedom of discussion, the banning of ideas. He himself has done pioneer work by attempting to discover, in the area of television, just what limits common sense and public morality must put on programs destined for the general public. It would appear highly pertinent, therefore, to pass word along to Mike Wallace about a section of Msgr. Fitzgerald's AMERICA article which raises an issue close to the heart of the NODL-ACLU controversy. The Monsignor wrote:

Were one to read many passages from these publications [those listed by NODL as objectionable] on radio, or show some of these pictures and cartoons on TV, he would be immediately cut off the air. Yet these same passages and pictures are sold to youth with impunity.

We are not recommending that Mike Wallace put this challenge to the test. If he did test it, Mike knows perfectly well that he would be cut off the air. He probably knows also that the ACLU would not, in that event, rush to his defense, nor claim that arbitrary censorship was being imposed by network authorities independently of due process. As we see it, it would be an immense service to the American people if this problem could be thrashed out some night by Mike and the Monsignor.

Theology: No Pastime

Elmer O'Brien, S.J.

AS THE EAGERNESS in the eye of practically any publisher will tell you, few things these days sell quite so well as theology. That is the reason, perhaps, why the word itself, much like "philosophy" in a previous generation, has become the commendatory label for just about all non-scientific thought that is inclined to take itself somewhat seriously. To the cracker-barrel philosopher of the 19th century has succeeded the cracker-barrel theologian of the 20th; and the earthy, pragmatic shrewdness that used guilelessly to pontificate as philosophic wisdom does so now as theology.

This spectacle of cobblers of various sorts not sticking to their lasts is one that must, of course, be equably endured, as long as the popularity of theology continues. I, for one, am quite resigned to enduring it, if for no other reason than that nothing much can be done about it anyway. What damage it does seems pretty well limited to deflation of the ego, oftentimes over-large, of the professional theologian. And no one, probably not even the theologian thus obliquely cut down to size, would suggest that this is an altogether bad thing.

But perhaps there is something that could be done about another, closely related trend that could, if left unchecked, do much general damage. At least there seems no particular reason for remaining resigned to it. I mean the growing contemporary practice of having people who are gloriously uninhibited by any theological training translate doctrinal pieces of the most technical sort.

Probably in some forms of endeavor it is consolingly true that one's strength is as the strength of ten because one's heart is pure. But not here. The non-theologian—pure intention, dictionary and all—is simply not able to do the job properly. And that is not because theology is some sort of latter-day, more esoteric cabbala. Rather it is because theology is a science (the "queen of the sciences," it has been sometimes suggested), a highly organized body of knowledge with its own suppositions, method, technical vocabulary and so on.

The identical harsh facts of life to which I have reference obtain, but are more generally recognized as obtaining, in other scientific fields: in physics, psychology,

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philosophy, etc. The novice in such studies is incapable of doing a proper job of translation. In philosophy we were long ago accorded a memorable confirmation of this by the English version of Jacques Maritain's *The Degrees of Knowledge* (of which a new translation, from the competent hands of Fr. Gerald B. Phelan, will appear shortly). In this translation, among many other things that must have set the Fates chuckling, wherever M. Maritain said *être de raison* ("mental construct") the English had him saying "rational being." The waves of wonder spread throughout the land by the exotic doctrine which resulted have not subsided even yet.

SEMANTIC PITFALLS

In theology of late we have been getting increasingly numerous examples of such mistranslation from various quarters, sometimes from the most unexpected. Even one so learned as John Chapin is not immune to comparatively elementary blunders (a fact which should have the ordinary, garden-variety translator shaking in his shoes). Thus in his recent *Book of Catholic Quotations*, we find St. Augustine saying: "The greatest virtues are only splendid vices." Anyone who had been through a moderately good course on grace and the virtues would know that St. Augustine could never have said anything quite so foolish. One who had been through a rather better course would know that St. Augustine had not even said: "The virtues of pagans are splendid vices," for all that popular opinion and one or two Protestant historians of dogma hold that he did. The professional theologian would know that St. Augustine's *vitium* is not our present-day "vice"; and he would, indeed, be rather hard put to it to find an adequate translation of some of the pretty dim things which Augustine *did* say about pagan essays at virtuous living.

Again, anyone who had done a moderately good course in the theology of marriage would be aware of St. Jerome's somewhat specialized notion of virginity; so that he would not have him saying, as Mr. Chapin has, "Though God can do all things, He cannot raise a virgin after she has fallen." This proposition, as it stands in English, is untrue both in itself and to the mind of St. Jerome.

Now all this may sound overly prissy, just a further instance of the theologian's familiar predilection for

dividing a hair 'twixt south and southwest side. And it may appear to concede much too much to ordered training in theology, as though it resulted in a sort of all-purpose wisdom, alone inexhaustibly capable of appreciating the nuances of theological expression.

Yet, like any other science, theology has a hard core of inner integrity and completeness that is arrived at only gradually, methodically and with difficulty and labor. Like any science, it is concerned with the truth; but the truth that is its frightening province is the highest truth: God and all things else in relation to God. The consequences, in the souls of men, of its errors are just about impossible to catch up with. Theology is not, in short, something for rainy afternoons.

There comes to mind the review of Fr. A. M. Henry, O.P.'s *Introduction to Theology* a few years ago by a very remarkable young woman who wrote frequently, incisively and with much assurance upon theological topics. "Surely," she cried, in effect, "theology doesn't involve all that!" And she put down, I fear, the sober effort of Fr. Henry and his colleagues to outline the sources of theology and the manner in which the theologian utilizes them as an unworthy Dominican attempt, for certain obscure and devious purposes, to hoodwink the general public.

IT DOES INVOLVE "ALL THAT"

But theology does "involve all that," and the translator who has not been through it cannot, normally, but serve us poorly. A short time ago there was published over here an English version, Irish in origin, of Ludwig Ott's one-volume compendium. In the original German it is a pretty successful *tour de force*, compressing all the basic questions of dogma within the compass of 584 pages—a sort of theological equivalent to writing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. Very tricky. Very difficult to translate. But a Patrick Lynch, who apparently did not know the difference between "tritheism" (three Gods) and "trinitarianism" (one God in three divine persons), rushed gaily in where theologians, though no angels, would fear to tread. The resultant confusion, for the most part, could be foreseen. Yet what would ever lead one to expect the statement: "It is certain that Christ's soul was subject to *sensual* affections?"

At about the same time our own Paul Hallett gave us *What Is Christianity?* and furthered, I am afraid, the impression that all you need for translating theology is a bit of leisure and a dictionary. His own opinion of theology, it so happens, is high. Indeed, given what he thinks theology consists in, it is rather too high. With much of the air of a man freshly returned from some theological Tibet, he informs the reader that he has penetrated the Latin barrier of Catholic seminary manuals and, in effect, has come upon all manner of arcane matters which he now presents for the benefit of those incapable of such a journey. Here, he says, somewhat breathlessly, is what is taught in the seminaries—an unnerving statement were it fully true. Fortunately, it is not.

The seminary course, whatever its present inade-

quacies, is not, so to speak, an out-patient service for the application of doctrinal band-aids. But such is the impression one might well get from the author's collection of translated bits and pieces from the theology textbooks. And under such an impression, who would be loath to take a fling at translating theology despite a total lack of theological training? ("What is there to be trained in?")

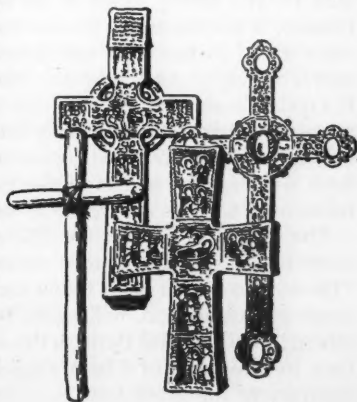
A jolly corrective to this sort of thing is provided annually in the *Proceedings* of the Catholic Theological Society of America (*The Sign*, Union City, N. J., \$2). Transcripts of the yearly sessions of the largest organized body of theologians in America, they show what there is to be trained in. The discussions have been criticized publicly, and not altogether without justification, for being largely limited to "disputed questions" of the classroom. But that only reinforces the point I am trying to make here. Let the amateur in theology with an itch to translate note the highly specialized skills—historical, linguistic, speculative—needed even in the discussion of doctrinal points that are not of the profundity nor of the amplitude you might expect of professional theologians speaking to fellow professionals. Let him note that. And be chastened.

But the brash and unchastened attitude will be with us for some time yet. It has now extended, more seriously still, into the domain of the doctrines of the Church. It is not a good thing, in one's zealous ignorance, to misrepresent the teaching of theologians. It is rather more serious to misrepresent, distort, falsify, under Catholic auspices and with the delusive guarantee of an *Imprimatur*, the teaching of the Church.

DANGEROUS GROUND

This has recently been done—with, I am sure, the greatest of good will and the highest motives in the world—in *The Sources of Catholic Dogma* (B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, \$8.50). It was inevitable, and indeed highly desirable, that someone someday should attempt a complete translation in English of "Denzinger," the Greek-Latin source book of Church documents that for over a century now, in a succession of revised and augmented editions, has been the indispensable tool of the Catholic theology student. *Sources* represents such an attempt. It is not, as I have already implied, a success. And the chief reason is the theological ignorance of the translator. He shows himself to be quite unaware of the precise doctrinal issues involved, the theological connotation of the terms used, the implications of the dogmatic statements he ascribes to the Church.

Sometimes the results are downright



funny, and might serve to brighten the task and relieve the mounting exasperation of anyone who attempts (as I have not) to examine, blue pencil in hand, the entire volume. Thus the reference of the Sixth Session of the Council of Trent to the reigning Pontiff (the year was 1547) becomes "Paul, the third Pope by the providence of God." A famous question put to the Holy Office becomes (p. 652), "Whether a confessor is to be denounced for solicitation on account of scarcity of material?" and provides the touching picture of an impecunious cleric, fresh out of cloth, say, to patch his cassock, being open to possible censure for having begged some.

A passage from the encyclical on the Mystical Body becomes the eyebrow-raising statement (p. 617) that the beatific vision which Christ enjoyed, He "from the first moment of His Incarnation bestowed upon us." And surely there is much warped pleasure to be found in trying to make head or tail of this version of a solemn decree of the fourth Council of Constantinople (p. 136):

We adore the sacred image of our Lord Jesus Christ in like honor with the book of the Holy Gospels. For as through the syllables carried in it, we all attain salvation, so through the imaginal energies of the colors both all the wise and the unwise from that which is manifest enjoy usefulness; for the things which are the sermon in syllables, those things also the writing which is in colors teaches and commands.

And so on.

But *Sources* is not all fun and games. Even so casual a dipping into the volume as I have limited myself to reveals multitudinous errors of the most serious sort. I shall mention a few of them.

In Chapter V (devoted explicitly to "The Necessity, in Adults, of Preparation for Justification") of its Sixth Session the Council of Trent says: "Nor does man himself, receiving that inspiration [of the Holy Spirit] do absolutely nothing," while *Sources* (p. 250) translates: "man himself receiving that inspiration does nothing at all," the exact contradiction of what the Council was at pains to define.

In Chapter XIV of the same session, treating of the recovery of justice when it has been lost through mortal sin, the Council condemns the heretical doctrine that while God *initiates* the process of justification, it is we who by His mercy *effect* it; so that the sacrament of penance is not necessary for the remission of sin and the recovery of justice, nor can it indeed effect it, but is useful merely in stirring up the conscience of the sinner. It says: "Those who, by sin, have fallen away from the grace of justification previously received will be able to be justified once more when, roused by God, they will have procured by means of the sacrament of penance, because of Christ's merit, the grace that had been lost."

The version in *Sources* (p. 255) comes uncomfortably close to the doctrine that is meant to be condemned: "Those who by sin have fallen away from the received grace of justification, will again be able to be justified when, roused by God through the sacrament of penance, they by the merit of Christ shall have attended to the recovery of the grace lost."

The Council of Chalcedon in its definition concerning the two natures in Christ is made to say (p. 61): "the distinction of the natures [is] removed on account of the union." The fourth Lateran Council taught that "the Father is one person, the Son is another, and the Holy Spirit is yet another person, still none is a different being." According to *Sources* (p. 171) it said: "One is the Father, another the Son, and another the Holy Spirit, *yet they are not different*," which would be pretty much of a reaffirmation by the Church in the 13th century of the heresy of Modalism, which it condemned in the first part of the third century.

The Council of Florence is made to say (p. 219) that "the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Son from whom He was moreover eternally *begotten*" (emphasis added). Similarly, where the Council of Ephesus teaches that "the Word, having hypostatically joined to Himself flesh animated by a rational soul, in a marvelous and incomprehensible fashion became man," it is made to state incoherently and in exactly (p. 49): "the Word uniting with Himself according to person is a body animated by a rational soul, marvelously and incomprehensibly was made man."

But why go on?

The lack of theological understanding might well be thought sufficiently evident from the few instances I have quoted. Actually it is even worse than that. Cheek by jowl with blunders such as I have cited the translator will often have sentences that give the orthodox doctrine; and, apparently, doesn't see any difference.

Why did he, so skilled in so many other fields and so manifestly unequipped in this, undertake a task whose difficulty and dangers only a theologian would appreciate and whose happy consummation only a theologian could effect? It was suggested to him, he says, by a professor of theology whose name, for sweet charity's sake, I shall not mention. It just goes to prove, I guess, that none of us is infallible.

The Science of Theology

To speak of theology as a science may sound blasphemous to modern ears. . . . But if we take science, as it should be taken, in the larger sense of ripe knowledge plucked from principles that escape the blight of doubt, we can hardly mistake theology as a clever imitation of a live science, to be put under a glass as a tribute not to its life but to its artificiality. We can, with an easy mind, expose it to the weather to live its rugged, vibrant life; let the rain fall on it and the wind tug at it, the sun shine on it and its enemies drag their tiny bodies over its broad branches. It will live; its roots are deep enough, its leaves broad enough, its branches high enough; it will live, though many a hybrid die beside it.

Walter Farrell, O.P., A Companion to the Summa, Sheed & Ward, New York, 1941, I, 14.

Reflections on "Hildy" McCoy

Msgr. Francis J. Lally

THE CELEBRATED CASE of Hildy McCoy came to a dramatic finale on Thursday, May 23, 1957 when the Governor of Florida refused a request from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts that Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Ellis be returned to its jurisdiction to face charges of "kidnaping." The story had begun more than six years earlier when Hildy was born to an unmarried student nurse, Marjorie McCoy, a Catholic, and placed by her physician with the Ellises, who were Jewish. The baby was born in February, 1951. In March—when Hildy was five weeks old—the young mother discovered for the first time that the Ellises were not Catholics and had both been previously divorced. She then began her efforts to have her child returned.

When the Ellis family refused to return the baby and became abusive, announcing that they would "take their chances" and "pull strings," Marjorie took her case to court. It was ordered in September, 1953 by the Norfolk Probate Court that Hildy be restored at once to her mother. But for two more years numerous appeals and legal stratagems were invoked, until in February, 1955 the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts upheld the lower court and ordered Hildy returned to her mother. The court, incidentally, was unanimous in its decision and only one of the four justices was a Catholic. As this point the Ellises fled Massachusetts with the child and finally took up residence in Florida. There the story ended two weeks ago.

Certain points of lasting importance emerge from a consideration of this so-called "Ellis Case." They may not be lightly set aside, even though the case itself appears to be settled.

HOODWINKING THE PUBLIC

The most astonishing inaccuracies regarding the facts of the case have been widespread from the beginning, with a consequent confusion both of information and emotion. It is hard to realize from newspaper accounts that the courts of Massachusetts have been truly organs of justice, sifting evidence and weighing the best interests of the child and the rights of all parties involved.

VERY REV. MSGR. FRANCIS J. LALLY, member of the board of directors of the Fund for the Republic, is editor of The Pilot, newspaper of the Archdiocese of Boston.

Over a period of years, in this case, the entire judicial apparatus of the Commonwealth has been at the service of both parties; and every decision without exception was in favor of the natural mother of Hildy McCoy. Unless "due process of law" has lost all meaning, justice must lie on her side.

Yet, even now, six years after the case first appeared—indeed in the Florida Governor's own statement—glaring errors and misstatements of fact indicate that the overwhelming majority of American newspaper readers do not know the basic facts of the case. It is widely believed, for example, that the central issue involved is the religious interest of one party over another, whereas the Supreme Judicial Court specifically stated that the difference in religion of the parties "was not decisive in the disposition of this case." Very few outside of the courts themselves studied the facts, or had the facts presented to them in such a manner as to show the real issues: the plea of a tormented mother, the rights of a baby who could not speak for herself, and the majesty of the law by which society itself is governed.

ANTI-CATHOLIC LOBBY IN ACTION

Another point that emerges with startling clarity from the confusion of the Ellis case is the growing power of a highly organized and effective Protestant lobby able to corral vast numbers of signatures and able also to inspire curiously paralleled statements by different religious leaders. From the religious point of view, the case of Hildy McCoy did not suggest overwhelming Protestant interest—the principals involved were Catholic and Jewish. But mountains of signatures were gathered under church direction, and religious leaders hurried to repeat one after the other the same mistakes of fact and information.

This is part, undoubtedly, of a larger phenomenon. In the last several years we have seen these same forces set in motion to oppose every exercise, whether it be in regard to school buses or movies or adoptions, of what Catholics conscientiously consider to be their rights as citizens. Moreover, we should note that these are groups which have already disassociated themselves from POAU and other virulent anti-Catholic elements, so that their presentation is often persuasive where the discredited bigot would surely fail.

Another factor emerging from the Ellis excitement is

the advantage already being pressed by those who have always been unfriendly to religious interests in the consideration of the total welfare of a child placed for adoption. It is being suggested by this element that the laws of Massachusetts, in some manner, make the matter of religion the overriding and decisive factor in placing children for adoption. This is a distortion and a misrepresentation. Massachusetts law for more than fifty years has plainly indicated that identity of religion is not the sole or even the principal factor in allowing adoptions, and the present statute at the time of its enactment was universally approved as fair and enlightened by all groups and agencies.

The adoption provisions in this regard in Massachusetts are identical to or parallel with the law in 24 other States of the Union and they allow no sectarian favor. Whatever may be decided in an individual case, the present law protects the rights of all parties involved in an adoption and makes the "black" and "gray" market in babies next to impossible. Those who seek the best interests of the anonymous thousands of unwed mothers will labor to see that this legislation is retained.

Finally, a word must be said about the heavy cloud of silence which enveloped the official Jewish spokesmen from whom we might have expected some kind of appraisal. It is easy to understand their embarrassment in the face of the manipulations of those who set out to make the Ellis case hinge on the religious issue. The clear Jewish record in the famed Finaly and Beekman cases would, however, have led us to believe that such spokesmen might have properly been counted upon here to stand on the side of the law and the rights of a mother. A people with a keen sense of justice, and not notably reticent in the past in bringing their cause to public notice, their silence in this issue was woefully eloquent. Catholics would have felt a brother's embrace if what was readily admitted in private had been willingly made public.

Justice arrived at through "due process of law" is a precious concept in American democracy. If the Ellis case, even in retrospect, serves to remind us that a carefully contrived defiance of the order of our courts is in fact an act of sabotage against this vital guarantee of our freedoms, we may in the end gain more than was lost in Florida.

Washington Front, Back and Sides

For many and many a moon AMERICA's former Editor-in-Chief, REV. WILFRID PARSONS, has been our faithful, informed and provocative Washington correspondent. From his lookout on Georgetown University's hilltop, he scans the capital and the Capitol with a kindly, experienced eye. Next week, in addition to his regular column, Washington Front, FR. PARSONS contributes a full-length feature article on the city he knows so well. Don't miss "Profile of Washington, D. C."

A Song for the Widow of Naim

The hills, forgetting snow,
Now remembered spring:
Memory began to grow
To grass and blossoming.

Below the hills the sea
Whose surface was a thought,
Reflected on a tree,
A cloud the wind had caught.

Between the lake and hill
The widow's son lay dead;
Forgotten, he grew still,
Asleep on his cold bed.

That winter fell to him
For which there was no spring,
No memory to brim
To birds and blossoming.

The cold procession came
The road the spring forgot.
Beyond the gates of Naim
A Voice cried out: weep not.

They turned to look His way,
For who had made them stop?
Who had walked that day
Down from the mountaintop?

Why do you weep? and why
Are you processioning?
He saw the mother cry,
But the hills were flowering.

My son, she said, is lost,
Who was alive, is dead.
His limbs were traced with frost,
Winter was his bed.

A Hand reached to the bier,
The Hand that quickened spring:
Bones began to stir,
The flesh was flowering.

The lake recalled a cloud,
The hills forgot the snow;
Under a mortal shroud
Man remembered now.

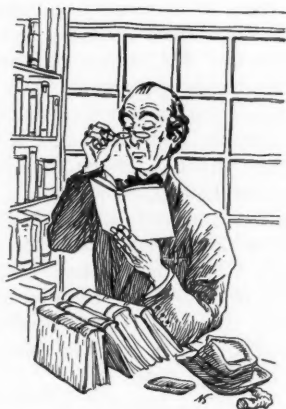
All stood amazed and knew
What was to come, what is:
A tree, a hill made new,
And flesh forever His.

The body minds its day,
And bone will blossom then:
Already in this clay
I know the Hand again.

JAMES F. COTTRELL

LONDON LETTER

AFTER A WINTER overshadowed for English Catholics by the death of a deeply loved Cardinal Archbishop and for all Europeans by the Soviet assassination of Hungary, Londoners, in a politically chaotic spring, have welcomed a new Archbishop to Westminster. The enthronement of the Most Rev. William Godfrey in his cathedral of Westminster was an historic occasion that focused the attention of Catholics on the part we play in broadcasting in our country.



The ancient ceremony was broadcast and televised by the British Broadcasting Corporation; millions of people, Catholic, Protestant and pagan, saw the installation of His Grace performed with a rite unchanged since Henry Chichele became Archbishop of Canterbury in the year before Agincourt. That archbishop's reign began fourteen years after the death of Chaucer.

In 1957 the enthroning prelate was the Most Rev. Archbishop Gerald P. O'Hara, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. The heart lifted as one saw him take the hand of his predecessor as Apostolic Delegate and lead him toward the throne. The great drama of the moment was given a warm touch by the brotherly smile on the face of the American prelate. He led the new archbishop of the diocese up the steps to his chair and bade him take his place. This was the first time an American archbishop had enthroned an Archbishop of Westminster. In strong Latin, the voice rang through the cathedral and, via radio, through all England, Scotland and most of Ireland: "In the name of God, Amen. By His authority, I Gerald Patrick, Archbishop-Bishop of Savannah and Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, do enthrone thee, the Lord William, Archbishop in this Church of Westminster. . . ."

Thus the New World and the Old World were linked in the universality of the Church. The Mass began with the Archbishop of Westminster presiding.

The magnificent pageantry of the enthronement and the processions of the two prelates, who, by tradition, arrive separately, since the enthroning archbishop is

the personal representative of the Holy Father, moved all who saw them. One constantly heard comparisons made by non-Catholics who recalled the coronation of H. M. the Queen. Had the color of the ceremonies been captured on film, Catholics throughout the world might have rejoiced with us in the return to London of a prelate, who as Archbishop O'Hara's predecessor, lived among us and won our hearts with his gracious ways. We were grateful to the BBC, and this, consequently, may give your correspondent an opportunity of dwelling upon some aspects of broadcasting and television in relationship to the Church in these islands.

ON RADIO AND TV

On the whole we are fairly represented on radio and screen. Father Agnellus Andrew, O.F.M., an athletic-looking Franciscan of Scottish birth and parentage, officially represents the hierarchy on the broadcasting corporation. A preacher of uncommon force and brilliant quality, he has made himself an expert on radio problems who is generally popular and deeply respected. Like most institutions established by legislation in the Houses of Parliament, the BBC frequently comes under fire from those of us who scent danger in organizations that are the offspring of politicians and yet have power to mold public opinion. It is not easy to be fair to all sections of a community as diverse in religion, opinion and, indeed, plain heresy as present-day Britain. But it would be unjust to say that the BBC does not do a good job.

A rather occasional and casual twister of the knobs on radio sets, in recent weeks I have heard Dominican Fathers engage in a "medieval disputation" on the morality of punishment. Their debate came with unforeseen but blessed topicality on the evening after R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, made an announcement on penal reform. The question of capital punishment is a thorny one in England. Catholics are divided upon it, in the Commons, the House of Lords, in the press, in the streets, the pubs and their homes, and men are not always calm in their discussions of necks and ropes. The level voices of the Dominicans, proceeding syllogism by syllogism, with infinite courtesy and relentless logic, to a conclusion not quite likely to be accepted by all, gave a beautiful example of Catholic thought in action. In its slightly lordly way, the BBC, which is not dependent upon commercial aid from outside sources, can supply us with such fare.

A week or so later, again absentmindedly turning a knob, I had the astonishing experience of being confronted by the somewhat ascetic but kindly face of my former editor, Michael de la Bedoyere of the *Catholic Herald*, who was discussing the problems of immigration with a panel of Christians of other denominations. An editor is not always a hero to his reporters but I found my editor's delivery superbly lucid and reasonable. As I listened to his balanced analysis of moral problems that might arise from immigration and his illustrations economically drawn from history, I became aware once again of the enormous power broadcasting

W. J. GOE, who regularly contributes our *London Letter*, is dramatic critic of the *London Catholic Herald* and editor of *Books of the Month* (Simpkins Publishing Co., 41-45 Neal St., London W.C. 2).

has given intelligent Catholic men, and I saluted the BBC for the fair ration of freedom to speak it gives us.

At the present time it is feared that the pressure on the BBC may lead to some restriction of the Third Programme, which is designed to provide cultural subjects on a high level. It is true that "egg-heads," given their heads, can produce some ludicrous features, both in press and on the air; we recently heard a talk on "The Place of the Potato in English Folklore." But to the Third we owe a series of broadcasts of medieval mystery plays, the whole range of European opera, marvelous reconstructions of the lives of persons such as Shaw, Joyce and Moore, told with garrulous charm by their old friends in England, Ireland and throughout Europe. We have heard the distinguished Jesuit scholars, Father Martin C. D'Arcy and Father Frederick Copleston lecture on philosophical subjects; and, on a memorable occasion, the latter debated with Bertrand Russell.

On the more domestically popular levels, the Light and the Home Programme, hardly a week passes that one cannot, on the local channels of the latter, pick up a Sunday evening service from a Catholic church. Midnight Mass is broadcast every year from one of the great abbeys. Among our priests, Father Gordon Albion, a

learned historian with a witty and breezy style, Father Bernard Bassett, S.J., Father Joseph Christie, S.J., a polished debater, and veteran broadcaster Archbishop John Heenan of Liverpool are well-known as radio speakers. Laymen, too, play their part in British radio.

Many of us recall the husky, chuckling voice of Gilbert Chesterton on radio more than twenty years ago, when the BBC was a smaller organization. Since then the comedy program ITMA (It's That Man Again), famous during the war years, was scripted by a New Zealander, Ted Kavanagh, K.S.G., a surrealist humorist whose writings influence all men who contribute scenarios for British broadcasting. Actors who are Catholics, Robert Speaight, Ernest Milton, Denys Blakelock and the brilliant Irishmen of the Abbey tradition, most notably Cyril Cusack, now rehearsing for a new O'Neill play in New York, frequently are heard. The extent of their influence is incalculable, but knowledge of the quality of their work enables one roundly to claim that it has been good.

The BBC brought British Catholics to the altar of Westminster when their new Lord Archbishop was enthroned. The evidence suggests that during his reign, which we hope will be long and blessed, we shall not fail to have our due place upon the air. W. J. IGOE

BOOKS

Truth—or Pavlov's Dogs?

BATTLE FOR THE MIND

By William Sargent. Doubleday. 263p. \$4.50

The first sentence gives one an inkling, but only an inkling, of what is to come. "Politicians, priests, and psychiatrists often face the same problem: how to find the most rapid and permanent means of changing a man's beliefs." The author thereupon sets out with apparently the best of intentions and with no special animus against politicians, priests or psychiatrists, to compare the following types of behavior: the conversion of ordinary people by religious techniques; the behavior of neurotic patients in the "abreaction" of psychoanalysis; the brainwashing of political suspects in police states.

If the reader has got the impression that this is another one of those books which undertake to psychoanalyze religion in the name of unconscious motivations, let him be disabused. Dr. Sargent, whatever else he may have done or failed to do, has at least hit upon a new idea. He would not only examine religious conversion in the light of

psychological principles not known to converts; he would also examine psychoanalysis in the light of psychological principles not known to analysts. It may be diverting to see psychoanalysts cast into the same outer psychological darkness as Christians and other ordinary folk, but in all honesty I don't know who will find more to criticize in this book, analysts or theologians (not to mention politicians).

The thesis of *Battle for the Mind* is that these three types of "reorientation"—religious, psychoanalytic and political

—are all instances of a mechanism which Pavlov discovered in dogs. A dog (as well as a man), we remember, may be conditioned to respond to a stimulus. But under certain conditions of stress—for example, too strong a stimulus or a confused stimulus—the dog will break down. All previous patterns of conditioning will be wiped out, and there will ensue a pathological stage in which the dog responds in a peculiar way to new stimuli.

Using this as his prototype, Dr. Sargent finds a parallel in the sudden conversion the old-style revivalist brings about. The same elements are present: the person is subject to a fearful ordeal (the prospect of hellfire); under this emotional assault, he suffers an "impair-

(Continued on p. 307)

CBC June Choice

THE CASE OF CORNELIA CONNELLY

By Juliána Wadham. Pantheon. 276p. \$3.75

Is Cornelia Connelly a saint? Few American readers can even attempt an answer, for few even know who she was. Many reasons can be assigned for the long silence surrounding her, but it is certainly time to tell her story.

Many biographies of saints and relig-

ious read more strangely than fiction, but the facts of Cornelia Connelly's life (1809-1879) would dazzle the most melodramatic novelist. Cornelia Peacock, against her family's wishes, marries the brilliant young Episcopalian minister Pierce Connelly. Abandoning Philadelphia, the young couple move to Natchez, but after four years as an

(Continued on p. 309)

SARGANT (Continued from p. 306)
ment of judgment and heightened suggestibility," in which state it is possible to implant new ideas (of guilt) and effect a total reorientation.

Similar processes are discovered in psychoanalysis, where the patient is cured, not, as the analyst imagines, by the unearthing of a particular historical cause, but by the general effect of the ordeal of re-living painful situations. They are found, too, in political brainwashing, where the reorientation is brought about by a variety of ordeals.

Dr. Sargant concludes that there are "simple physiological mechanisms of conversion" and that we had better learn them so as to put them at the service of political and religious institutions. "A better understanding of the means of creating and consolidating faith will enable religious bodies to expand much more rapidly."

But why, one is curious to know, does Dr. Sargant think that religious bodies should expand more rapidly? Because, we are told, without John Wesley's revival Britain would have undergone the same revolutionary throes which afflicted Europe and America. And why is it desirable to undergo brain damage (though too much damage of the frontal lobes, Dr. Sargant warns us, may destroy the religious sense altogether) in order that one may believe "in what may contradict obvious fact"? "Because men cannot and should not try to live without some form of religion."

One hardly knows where to begin a comment or whether it is worth commenting at all. There is nothing unusual about describing St. Paul's conversion as "a total collapse, hallucinations and an increased suggestibility" (though it is not clear what the stress was in his case); but when this experience is first compared with psychoanalysis and then cheerily recommended, the confusion is twice confounded.

Should one begin by calling attention to the conscious and unconscious contents of the psyche and the patient's and doctor's conviction that they are trying very hard to get at the truth—all of which Dr. Sargant ignores in his neurophysiology? Should one suggest that a person might just possibly be converted by intellectual conviction, and that a sudden "conversion" by voodoo drums might just possibly not be a conversion at all? Or should one begin by calling in question the "simple physiological mechanism" of brainwashing by recalling that among thousands of prisoners in the Korean war, only twenty-one defected?

Certainly it will not avail to raise the question of truth as a determining factor in religious conversion (or in analysis or political conviction), since Dr. Sargant abstracts from truth at the outset. And anyhow truth, he thinks, is not really decisive: "Many people have pointed out, quite rightly, that the ultimate test of both religious and political values is not definable in terms of how it happens, but of *what is achieved*."

Perhaps what is most frightening about the book is not the argument (which is after all only a variation of Marx's "opiate") but the terrible despair of the assumption behind the argument: that in speaking of belief we have left truth behind.

We may sympathize with Dr. Sargant's intention, which is to take account of the biological mechanisms that man shares with other animals. Yet to do so is not necessarily, as Dr. Sargant seems to think it is, to rule out all that makes man human. Dr. Sargant would probably deny the charge, yet if one's personal conviction bears no relation to reality and is simply a matter of blood chemistry and brain mechanisms, it is hard to see why we should bother with truth at all. All that matters is to achieve tranquillity, mental and political.

And if this is the case, Pavlov is just the man we need.

WALKER PERCY

PRIEST OF THE PLAGUE: HENRY MORSE, S.J.

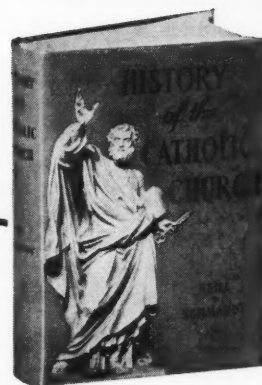
By Philip Caraman, S.J. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 201p. \$3.75

From time to time throughout the Middle Ages and down into the 17th century the city of London was visited by an epidemic disease known as the Plague. Though the visitation of 1666 was probably the worst and is now the

DR. WALKER PERCY, a retired physician living in Covington, La., has contributed to *Thought*, *Modern Schoolman*, *Commonweal* and other journals. He wrote the two-part article, "The Coming Crisis in Psychiatry," which appeared in our issues of Jan. 5 and 12, 1957.

C. CARROLL HOLLIS, professor of English at the University of Detroit, specializes in American literature and culture.

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| LAS Liberal Arts and Sciences | M Medicine |
| C Commerce | N Nursing |
| D Dentistry | P Pharmacy |
| Ed Education | S Social Work |
| E Engineering | Se Science |
| FS Foreign Service | Sy Seismology Station |
| G Graduate School | Sp Speech |
| IR Industrial Relations | Officers Training Corps |
| J Journalism | AROTC—Army |
| L Law | NROTC—Navy |
| | AFROTC—Air Force |

best known, the epidemic of 1636, when Fr. Henry Morse, S.J., ministered to the poor, was also severe.

The nature and origin of the Plague was then unknown. It was variously ascribed to drinking beer in an overheated room, to eating red cherries or cucumbers or a dish of eels. When the first few cases of the disease had been positively identified, usually down by the wharves of the City, the rich and the powerful left London and the poor crowded together in terror. All the Royal College of Physicians could recommend was that large bonfires be lighted in every street to free the air of contamination.

Father Henry Morse, S.J., who was then, according to the law of the land, a traitor to be condemned to the gallows by the very fact that he was a priest, went from house to house, carrying a white wand to warn others away from him, ministering to the afflicted. He found the homes with windows tightly fastened against the spread of the contagion, fires burning with pungent disinfectants thrown on the flames, and the families wailing with despair. Surrounded by these sights, smells and sounds, he nursed the sick and administered the sacraments until he himself contracted the disease.

On June 5, 1614 young Henry Morse had presented himself at the English Seminary of Douai and recorded in his diary, "having learnt the certain truth of the Catholic faith, upon full conviction I renounced my former errors and was received into the Roman Catholic Church." Behind him lay a happy childhood in Suffolk, a few years at Cambridge, and a few more studying law at Gray's Inn.

Before him lay years of study at Rome before he could return to England to minister to the plague-ridden in Newcastle and London. Arrested several times, he was released by order of the King and again of Archbishop Laud. Finally he was executed at Tyburn, during the third year of the Civil War, confessing as his only treason the belief that "the kingdom of England will never be truly blessed until it returns to the Catholic and apostolic faith."

So to his exciting re-creations of the lives of Fr. Gerard (*The Autobiography of a Hunted Priest*) and of Fr. Weston (*An Autobiography from the Jesuit Underground*), Fr. Caraman now adds an equal accomplishment in the accurate and detailed story of a priest of heroic courage who survived ecclesiastical feud, blackmail, thuggery and plague to die for his faith.

P. ALBERT DUHAMEL

eminently successful pastor, Pierce announces what to his wife, family and friends must have been the shocking news that he wished to become a Roman Catholic.

With this announcement begins a startling chain of events that carries the young couple and their children to Rome and brilliant social success. They return to New Orleans for an idyllic period of teaching in a convent school, to be broken by Pierce's passionate request that she help him in his dream of becoming a priest by herself becoming a nun. Then follow the return to Rome, Cornelia's resignation to God's will, the Pope's request that she organize a teaching society in England, her founding of the Society of the Holy Child of Jesus under Cardinal Wiseman, the scandal of Pierce's apostasy and his appeal through the courts for the return of his wife, her final renunciation of husband and children.

Cornelia was badgered by misunderstanding and opposition at Rome and at home, and she died after excruciating suffering, resigned to the defeat of all her high and holy hopes. But triumph came, for herself and for the order she had founded.

Her life was so spectacularly dramatic that any account of it would fail of the inner truth to life if it dwelt on the incidents of her career for their sensational appeal. Fortunately, Juliana Wadham is capable of perceiving, behind and beyond the headlines, the hidden spiritual crises and triumphs and failures that make the real life of the pursuer of sanctity. The scrupulous attention to historical evidence, the refusal to whitewash Cornelia Connelly's actions, the brilliant presentation of Catholic life in Victorian England, the desire to do justice to Pierce Connelly whenever possible—all are admirable. These traits, plus a balance of humor, sorrow and spirituality throughout, cannot but recommend this book highly to all classes of readers.

C. CARROLL HOLLIS

The Last Straw

Not often do we devote space to noticing sensational books. There is one, however, that we feel we ought to alert readers to. It's called *Mandingo*, is written by Kyle Onsott and published by Denlinger, of Richmond, Va. Author and publisher may be obscure, but the book is getting a fantastic publicity buildup (see the full-page ad in the May 26 N. Y. *Herald Tribune*). Like

the sales campaign that has boosted noxious *Peyton Place* to best-seller stature, this plug for *Mandingo* makes us wonder about the ethics of some advertising agencies. Read what follows with our lead review this week in mind (*Battle for the Mind*, p. 306). Battle for what mind, we ask, and on what terms?

Reviewer Eugene McNamara calls *Mandingo* a "great toad of a novel." In the 659 pages, "slaves are made to grovel, made to fight in well-described scenes of sadistic cruelty, ravished in equally well-described terms of almost clinical detachment. . . ." The book, states the reviewer, "rises to the heights of supreme bathos when the [Negro] giant is forced to bed with his master's wife, who is in a fit of pique over the discovery that her husband prefers his slave wench to her. The master kills his wife, his new-born son, and boils the giant to death in a kettle of scalding water."

Mr. McNamara concludes: "Kyle Onsott, the dust-jacket tells us, has a license from the American Kennel Club to judge all breeds of dogs. Denlinger's also publishes works on Airedales, cockers, Pomeranians, poodles, tropical fish and parakeets."

Pity the parakeets. Pity the publishers. But pray hard for the publicity people. They are the ones who gripe about censorship, but they are also the ones who challenge the decency of all Americans. Sure enough, the reprint houses will pick up this "terrible and wonderful novel," and have it on the stands for all youngsters who have an extra two bits. Where do we go from there? If we protest, we are "un-American."

HAROLD C. GARDINER

THE WORD

He who is to befriend you, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send on my account, will in his turn make everything plain, and recall to your minds everything I have said to you (John 14:26; Gospel for Pentecost Sunday).

Rightly and reverently let us pause in our study of Christ the Incarnate Son of God the Father in order that we may mark the flaming feast of the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the ever blessed and adorable Trinity. Pentecost is apt to make the earnest Catholic feel somewhat guilty. Do we not tend to neglect and perhaps even to overlook in our religious devotions and practices

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Dear America's Associates:

It's time to publish another listing of the names of recent new Associates, as well as the familiar names of those of you who have lately renewed a long-standing membership.

Our sincere thanks to all of you for your letters, your generosity and your support!

As we at AMERICA gird ourselves for the events which will commemorate our Golden Jubilee in April, 1959—our Fiftieth Anniversary Issue is really not too far away!—we naturally think of our Associates and want them to have some special place in the coming festivities.

We shall keep you posted as plans develop.

It would be a fine thing, wouldn't it, if your number were doubled by 1959?

Yours cordially,
THE EDITORS

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that divine Spirit who is love itself, and who is the supreme gift to us from God the Father and His Incarnate Word?

Indeed, and in simple honesty, it is hardly to be expected that the Holy Spirit should have for us the vividness of the Lord Christ. For the average Christian, no aspect or element of revealed religious truth can possibly be as brilliant in his imagination or as moving in his heart as the scenes, the deeds, the words which the Gospels have recorded. The tiny Infant lying in the poor manger, the weary God-Man fast asleep in the tossing boat, the battered Figure on the cross: these are the pictures that are most clearly and justly fixed in the Christian consciousness.

Yet we must beware of confusing the two quite different concepts or values, *vividness* and *reality*. Pentecost annually reminds us, if in any sense such sad prompting be needed, that the Holy Spirit *is*; that He is God; and that He, no less than Christ the Incarnate Word, had and has a mission, a coming, an advent among us and in us.



On this point our Saviour, in His glowing discourse at the Last Supper, was explicit. Knowingly, and according to the designs of His Father, our Lord is leaving His work on earth unfinished. Another will come to complete it. *The Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send on my account, will in his turn make everything plain. . . . It will be for him, the truth-giving Spirit, when he comes, to guide you into all truth.*

That divine *truth-giving Spirit* did come. He descended upon the faithful friends and followers of Christ *when the day of Pentecost came round, while they were all gathered together in unity of purpose.* The coming of the Holy Spirit was not, indeed, like the coming of God's Son, who *took the nature of a slave, fashioned in the likeness of men, and presenting Himself to us in human form.* Nevertheless, it is highly instructive to observe in what form and with what perceptible signs God's Spirit did come to men.

All at once a sound came from heaven like that of a strong wind blowing, and filled the whole house where they were sitting. Then appeared to them what seemed to be tongues of fire, which parted and came to rest on each of them.

A strong wind and tongues of fire! Seemingly so immaterial and so oddly spiritual, how mighty and overwhelming is the wind! And fire always means both light and warmth: understanding and love.

So came the Holy Spirit, so comes He still, so may He come again, this Pentecost morning, to each one of us: invisibly, intangibly, but irresistibly, and with what rich treasures of wisdom, which will quiet the mind, and of love, which will warm the heart!

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

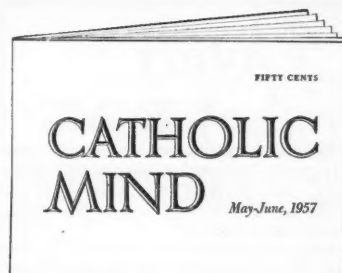
THEATRE

NEW GIRL IN TOWN. O'Neill's somber theme and the Abbott-Merrill book and music never quite come to terms in this musical based on *Anna Christie*. George Abbott and Bud Merrill know their business and have contributed lively and entertaining songs, but these are not integrated into the action of the play. Gwen Verdon gives a strong performance as Anna. Cameron Prud'homme's Chris, Thelma Ritter's Marty and George Wallace's Mat are first-rate. But the songs and dances (including an off-color ballet) seem to alternate with the *Anna Christie* plot rather than to fuse with it. Bob Fosse directed the dances and musical numbers; Rouben Ter-Arutunian did the scenery. The play is presented at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES. Though Beatrice Lillie makes a heroic effort to create the illusion of a Ziegfeld show, while Billy de Wolfe huffs and puffs to reinforce Miss Lillie's genteel buffooneries, the Follies are not what they used to be when Bert Williams and Will Rogers were around. The chorus is as scantily clad as it was when the creator of the Follies was alive and "glorifying" the American girl, but the master's touch is missing.

Presented at the Winter Garden by Mark Kroll and Charles Conway, the current edition of the Follies is entertaining when Miss Lillie or Mr. de Wolfe is on stage. Between their appearances the dances are tedious and the music gives the audience no songs to remember.

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RECORDINGS

Summer calls for a change of musical fare. Broad humor and strongly rhythmized tunes are the hallmarks of a generous cross section of *German University Songs* (Vanguard VRS 477). Baritone Erich Kunz possesses an ideal voice for these student songs, by turns rollicking and gently sentimental. Besides the inevitable tavern and tall-tale genres, there are several love songs and a scattering of patriotic and satiric pieces. The record opens with the "Fox



Hunt" and closes with "Gaudemus," both of which were used with good effect by Brahms in his "Academic Festival Overture." A strong assist is provided by the male chorus and orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper.

The microgroove record has given a strong impetus to recorded anthologies of music; classical as well as jazz collections have appeared in increasing numbers. The problem with the jazz anthology is that no single company has copyright ownership of all the products of the most famous personages connected with the erratic development of this style of music. A new Victor LP, however, containing numbers recorded over a period of about 25 years, presents suitably characteristic examples of Waller, Armstrong, Morton, Ellington, Basie and others (LPM 1393). The disc is companion to a new book by the French enthusiast Hugues Panassié, entitled *Guide to Jazz* (Houghton Mifflin, 1956, \$4). Sound is surprisingly good.

Two diverting selections of orchestral music are at hand. *Viennese Night at the "Proms"* is a new addition to the incredibly long list of Strauss records, and includes "Blue Danube," "Vienna Woods," the overtures to "Fledermaus" and "Gypsy Baron," and several other selections. I had never thought of Sir John Barbirolli as a Strauss connoisseur, but his Halle Orchestra turns out this convivial music with animation and hearty merriment. The sound is excellent (Mercury MG 50124).

Delibes' *Coppelia* and *Sylvia* ballets convey a similar spirit of optimism—the music is, in fact, a sort of French counterpart to the Viennese music noted above. Selections from the ballets are presented with skill and spontaneity by the Paris Opera Orchestra under André Cluytens (Angel 35416).

For the opera devotee there is a recital of French and Italian baritone arias by Robert Merrill, who has won for himself a position of eminence at the Metropolitan Opera. There are the standard numbers from Verdi's *Travata*, *Rigoletto* and *Traviata*, as well as engaging arias by Thomas, Giordano, Massenet and Meyerbeer. The voice is both flexible and full. Orchestral accompaniment is offered by the Rome Opera House instrumentalists (Vic. LM 2086).

An unusual release for any time of the year is the première recording of Gian Carlo Menotti's latest opus, *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore*, "a madrigal fable for chorus and instrumental ensemble," performed to the action of a ballet. After listening to the music, one easily understands the wide critical acclaim given last season to this colorful but enigmatic entertainment. The choral idiom, with its piquant mixture of older and more recent styles, its alternating passages of wit and sentiment, reminds this hearer of Poulenc, though the design of the work is indeed unique—the sort of thing we could expect only of Menotti. The performance by the New York City Ballet is vivacious, and the conductor is the Menotti specialist Thomas Schippers (Angel 35437).

Madrigals of an earlier age are presented on a record of *Vocal Music of Claudio Monteverdi*, a disc which merits superlative praise. Stemming from the late Renaissance, this music will be most

FATHER GUENTNER, S.J., a man very much in the microgroove, is teacher of Latin and choir director at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo. Next year he joins the faculty of St. Louis University. He is a regular contributor to *Caecilia*, *Musart* and *The Catholic Choirmaster*.

appreciated by those who are, so to say, historically conditioned to understand the mellifluous lines and subtle colors. It takes an ensemble like the New York Pro Musica Antiqua group of Noah Greenberg to invest this music with vibrant life and infectious spirits. The singing of countertenor Russell Oberlin is especially notable (Col. ML 5159).

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